



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 17. No. 3. May, 1944.





# SYDNEY TURF CLUB

## Race Meeting

To be held on Randwick Racecourse

# SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1944

### PROGRAMME

#### THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

(For Horses Five-Years-Old and under.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at the time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE.**

#### THE JUVENILE HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-old fillies. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

#### THE NURSERY HANDICAP.

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For two-year-old colts and geldings. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

#### THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

(For Three-Year-Olds.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For three-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

#### THE FLYING HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

#### THE SYDNEY TURF CLUB HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

#### THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £8 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary of the S.T.C. before 1 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, 8th June; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

**ENTRIES.**—The Entries for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of the S.T.C. at the office of the Australian Jockey Club; the V.R.C., Melbourne; Q.T.C., Brisbane; or N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 29th May, 1944. The first forfeit of £1 must accompany each entry. If entries are made by telegram, the amount of forfeit must also be telegraphed.

**WEIGHTS.**—Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 5th June, or such other time as the Committee may appoint.

**ACCEPTANCES.**—Acceptances are due with the Secretary, S.T.C., at the office of the A.J.C., Sydney, only at 1 p.m. on Thursday, 8th June.

Owners of horses not scratched before that time become liable for the balance of the Sweepstakes.

**PENALTIES.**—In all flat races, unless otherwise provided, a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The forfeits paid for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day (weight-for-age races excepted) when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distance advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

Entries for any of the above Races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

C. MACK,  
Acting Secretary, S.T.C.

GEO. T. ROWE, Hon. Racing Secretary,  
6 Bligh Street, Sydney.

**ENTRIES CLOSE at 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 29th MAY, 1944.**

at the Office of the Australian Jockey Club, 6 Bligh Street, Sydney.





Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET  
SYDNEY

Chairman :

W. W. HILL



Treasurer :

S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee :

GEORGE CHIENE

A. G. COLLINS

DAVID A. CRAIG

JOHN HICKEY

A. J. MATTHEWS

JOHN H. O'DEA

JOHN A. ROLES

F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

THE old committee goes on as the new committee for another two years. Those members whose term of office had expired were returned unopposed.

As silence is taken to mean consent, it may be accepted that members were satisfied that the right men were representing them.

No doubt the committee as a whole may accept the verdict as a vote of confidence and appreciation.

This is satisfactory equally to the committee and the membership. It is evidence that the club is being well conducted.

Service is being maintained at a standard that, in the essentials, shows little decline from the days before the shortages of manpower and commodities.

None may foresee with any degree of certainty what the future may hold—for example, what might be the position one year hence.

The committee will do more than hope for the best; it will plan for the best; that is, the best possible, as heretofore. And it will be aided and, in no small degree, stimulated by the goodwill and co-operation of members.

Vol 17—No. 3.

May, 1944.



# The Club Man's Diary

**MAY BIRTHDAYS:** 1st, V. H. Moodie, John Dolden; 3rd, Roy Miller; 4th, L. M. Browne, D. F. Stewart; 5th, W. M. Jennings; 6th, H. C. Bartley, A. E. Coulthurst; 7th, L. P. R. Bean, G. A. Crawford; 12th, Lieut. D. S. Davis, R.A.N., V.P.; 14th, Flt.-Lt. C. E. Blayney, 15th, J. Goldberg; 16th, Dr. L. S. Loewenthal; 22nd, de Renzie Rich; Mr. Justice Herron; 26th, R. B. Barmby, C. R. Tarrant, J. T. Hackett; 28th, G. Chiene, Mr. Justice Clancy; 31st, Albert Abel.

\* \* \*

Now police hacks: Tel Asur which won 20 races; Galliard, second to Laureate in the A.J.C. Derby, 1941; Rathlin, The Somme, Malagigi and Dark Chief. All, at one time or another, flattered their connections with form that suggested achievement beyond that realised by any. Galliard, notably, was a prospect.

\* \* \*

Recently a Sydney newspaper featured a picture of Charlie Paddock and described him as "famous sprinter, now a captain, U.S. Marines."

Months previously Paddock had been killed in a 'plane crash up in the Icelandic regions. He was the greatest American runner of his day, which would be 25 years ago, but even at his best he was not good enough to win the 100 metres at the Olympic Games. An Englishman, Abrahams, beat him.

Years later, Paddock told how he and two other Americans had planned to beat the Englishman by each "breaking"—or beating the pistol—once, as each was entitled to do without incurring disqualification. By such shifts, Paddock revealed, it was hoped to un-nerve Abrahams. The Americans, however, reckoned without their host. They succeeded only in un-nerving themselves. The tension of the occasion, plus the plot, had reacted.

Paddock's story was denied at the time, but he stuck to it. Abrahams, in the grand manner of the English, "preferred not to comment."

\* \* \*

I was not sorry when the Olympic Game phutted out. There were too

many professionals competing as amateurs—swearing falsely as to their amateurism—besides which, national rivalries had blunted sportsmanship.

An English writer put it well: "We have taught those Continentals how to play games, and they have shown us they can win, but we must now teach them how to lose."

\* \* \*

A wartime type of "sport" has developed in Australia who lacks the art of losing gracefully, but he will be crushed out when the sportsmen return.

I always remember words of the late Harrie Wood when, as president of the N.S.W. Rugby Union, he

## NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

The Committee wishes to advise members that no applications for membership will be received until further notice.

welcomed the Queenslanders: "I don't care which side wins so long as I see a good game."

\* \* \*

Some men waste their money, others waste their time, in indulging a hobby. There are those single fellows who buy sweets and flowers for girls and waste their time and/or their money. There are men who are always buying seedlings for vegetable plots and still meeting the greengrocer's bills. Not a few owners keep on paying the acceptance fees for horses, plus expenses that go before, just to hear what their trainers will say next.

Everybody should be entitled to his hobby. It would be a bitter day for the good old British order of the liberty of the subject if these payments in wartime were classed as "unessential expenditure," or herded into the orgy class.

\* \* \*

With the Sydney grade cricket premiership over (the tightest finish for many years and Marrickville flies the pennant) some of the clubs indulge in charity matches to wind up the season. Mosman opposes the

V.D.C. Last season it played a ladies' team. It was arranged that the men would bat and bowl left-handed (natural left-handers *contra*). They were dismissed for a small score. After a couple of the girls had been disposed of, loud speakers announced that the team had found a place for Mrs. Fowler, "champion lady bat of the Riverina," who happened to be in Sydney on a visit. The Murray-side champ, minced to the wicket, her eyes, under a rather large hat, coyly averted from the curious gaze of "Hammy" Love behind the stumps. The first ball was a lollypop. The lady stepped smartly into her wicket, opened her shoulders, laid her ears back and sent the ball sailing over the leg boundary. In quick succession followed delicate leg glances, full-blooded pulls, lusty cover-drives and some glorious late cuts that had the crowd cheering madly. Then, as another ball was picked off her toes and a few seconds later rebounded from the pickets there came a chuckle from behind the sticks and a murmured "You old impostor! The 'Governor-General's' pet shot, eh?" Yes, it was Charlie Macartney!

—"The Bulletin."

\* \* \*

Many of the past performers of the stage being recalled by Jim Donald in the "Daily Mirror" are within the recollection of my generation. Best peep I ever had through the pale of the past was provided by Harrie Skinner, over whom "the quiet curtain of the grass" was drawn several years ago. He had entered the theatrical profession in a managerial capacity in 1875, and he had retired to Listening Bay 60 years later when I visited him with a group of older friends on his birthday.

Harrie told me that one time a vaudeville performer came to him "broke to the world," sought, and got, £250. to tide him over." That man died worth half a million. His name was Harry Rickards. Among Mr. Skinner's letters shown me was one from the future proprietor of the Tivoli, written in his struggling days, underlining the word "broke," with a despairing flourish.



Harrie Skinner showed me an autograph book containing signatures of George Rignold, Bland Holt, George Lauri, Florence Young, among others. Carrie Moore had scrawled in schoolgirlish hand: "I'm not a little boy—I'm only a little girl." That was at the time of her appearance in "San Toy." George Rignold had written with the flourish of one used to command and strike the majestic pose. George Lauri, who committed suicide, in a moment of melancholia, had indited a cheery message to the world in general.

Harrie Skinner outlived all his contemporaries, as well as many whom he had seen make their first appearance after he had been years in the game.

\* \* \*

Dai-Keong Lee, the Hawaiian who composed "A Pacific Prayer," while on active service at New Guinea, has in the minor key something of which Mozart had in the major key.

The Hawaiian explained on leave in Sydney: "I didn't have a piano to work out the harmony — the music was in my head. It was so clear and persistent I couldn't sleep and just had to write it."

\* \* \*

When Mozart was asked how he composed he answered: "It all comes to me as in a vivid dream." In other words, inspiration.

How does that happen? you may ask. Probably a bright thought has come to you "in a flash;" other than in the ordinary process of thinking. Whence it came, why it came, are mysteries. Out of the subconscious mind, maybe. You have been thinking, or trying to think, have given it up, and forgotten. Not so the subconscious. It never sleeps, never rests, never surrenders.

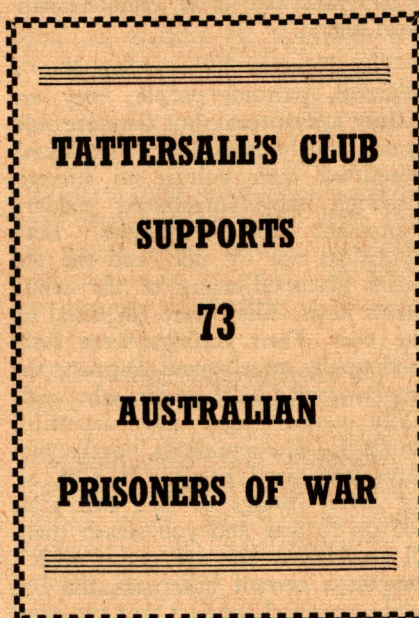
\* \* \*

Why you and I do not think on the same plane as, say, Mozart thought, or as, say, Shakespeare thought, or as any of the great authors and composers are thinking, simply is because neither you nor I is attuned as sensitively as are they with the infinite.

Mozart's music or Shakespeare's prose, was not the effort of conscious thinking. They drew it all out of the cosmos. Probably it came effortlessly to them as mediums controlled by

great intellects of other ages and long departed from the earthly phase of life.

Just as some wireless stations may be tuned in only to stations within Australia, and others may "pick-up" from anywhere in the old world, so I believe all of us are wireless stations tuned in with the infinite, and we draw out of it what is called inspiration, according to our degree of receptivity. This probably is generated over generations, or it may be in rare individual instances, Mozart and Shakespeare, that it strikes instantaneously and incalculably.



A verse from the recently published volume, "Going Jeep":

*A lady from South Oodnadatta  
Imprudently married a satyr,  
But except for the grooves  
On the floor from his hooves,  
She found it didn't much matter.*

\* \* \*

Frank O'Loughlin, ex-South Sydney player, last week warmly defended the manners of present-day footballers. He was addressing members of the Catholic Journalists' Guild, of which he is chairman (reports the "Daily Telegraph"). "Roughness, language, drinking, and other distasteful habits have gone," he said. "In their place are politeness, courtesy, understanding, and spiritual as well as bodily cleanliness. Slang is not even permitted in dressing rooms." Rev. Father McGovern interjected: "How do the players get their jerseys on over their wings?"

Incidentally, in my youthful days I had a framed picture of a long-haired, dreamy-eyed violinist playing, while an angel, floating shoulder high, was whispering to him. The title was "Inspiration."

"I loved that picture more than the angel to whom, in a weak (or week-end) moment, I gave it.

\* \* \*

Just how much Australians think of history (quoting from a newspaper report of conditions in the cemetery of St. Thomas's Church, North Sydney):

"Tall grass practically obscures the grave of Sir Owen Stanley, after whom the Owen Stanley range in New Guinea is named."

\* \* \*

#### SENTIMENTAL SWEEPINGS

*I am a ticket tattered and torn,  
Tossed by a maiden on the lawn . . .  
But I die with the thought 'neath a  
treading ruck  
That a pretty girl kissed me once for  
luck.*

*And I am a racebook cast aside  
By one who called me her faithful  
guide . . .  
But what do I care, now her love is  
o'er—  
I've the perfume still of the rose she  
wore!*

*Hear me, the pencil, thrown away  
Heartlessly, at the end of the day . . .  
But her hand was mine as I traced  
her tips  
And once felt the touch of her magic  
lips.*

*A sweeper heard them and said:  
"That's true  
Of ev'ry maid when she's through  
with you!*

*If you easy come and you easy serve  
You get what's coming—as you de-  
serve."*

\* \* \*

"No good to Gundy" is of aboriginal coinage. Gundy, a powerful aborigine, arrested for murder, was being taken to Deniliquin gaol—handcuffed, of course. Offered refreshment by facetious travellers, which his bound condition prevented him from accepting, he shook his head. "No good to Gundy," he said with a grin.—"The Bulletin."

(Continued on Page 11.)



# Our Friends the Fuzzy Wuzzies

By The Rev. John D. Bodger

It was a dirty night of rain and low cloud. Daniel Rautamara sat in his house at Hioge, in Papua. He heard the sound of aircraft. He stepped outside and listened; the motors were missing badly. He called to his neighbours. As they listened the sound ceased, and then they heard an explosion.

The men launched canoes, paddled through the choppy waves, paused now and then and shouted. Their calls at last were answered. In the black night they picked up two fallen airmen, one badly hurt.

"Are there Japanese about?" one survivor asked.

"No," said Daniel.

"Are you going to kill us?"

"Of course not! We are taking you to a mission station. My father is a priest. He will look after you."

The fliers were rushed to the mission. The natives — New Guinea Christians — bathed the airmen, bound up their wounds, bundled them in blankets, gave them food, then put them to bed. At dawn two natives crossed the range to Milne Bay to report the crash. They returned with a doctor and, later in the day, a float plane landed off-shore and picked up the crashed fliers.

This incident typifies the competent, quietly heroic aid contributed by the natives of New Guinea to the Allied cause. To American and Australian soldiers and fliers these "boys" are "fuzzy-wuzzies," descendants of headhunters and cannibals, but friends in time of trouble, and able comrades in the field. Much of their island country is known only to themselves, although it has undergone the white man's "partition."

New Guinea is the second largest island in the world. Dense jungles and swamps, grassy plains, rapid rivers and formidable mountains characterise the land. British New Guinea, known as Papua, lies at the south-eastern part of the island. The Dutch took over the west, and German New Guinea consisted of the northern area, as well as the islands lying off New Guinea—New Britain,

New Ireland and the Admiralty Islands.

The natives are as diversified as their topography, varying from tall, dark-skinned Kiwais and Orokolos in the west, to light coffee-coloured Polynesian types in the east, Melanesian blacks in the north, and pygmies in the deep interior. Cannibalism is no longer a custom in Papua, but it is still practised in the remote north-west region.

The Papuans have grown into a peaceful, pastoral people; they are mainly agricultural, but they are fishermen and hunters, too. The British permitted their culture to survive, although they introduced modern equipment and techniques. Both flourished side by side, and the Papuans absorbed many of the white man's ideas. They were surprised by the war. Their feelings were summed up by an eloquent Papuan, the employee of a local trader, who said: "You white people have beautiful things — fine buildings, lovely pictures, and good music. In fact, all the lovely things of life and then you go to war and you smash them all up. I think you are very foolish." Despite a certain bitterness, the Papuans accepted the fact that the even tenor of their lives, in the past only broken by their love of feasts, was shattered — and they pitched in with the Allied cause.

Eighty years ago Papuan feasts were different from the contemporary amicable affairs of pig-eating and dancing. Then, Papuans rescued 300 shipwrecked Chinese near Rossel Island. They took good care of the survivors of the ill-fated vessel *St. Paul*, but when a feast was prepared some of the Chinese would be invited along. They were never seen again, for they came not as guests but as the piece de resistance. When, however, the United States aircraft carrier *Lexington* was sunk in the Coral Sea battle, two American fliers crash-landed hard by that same Rossel Island. Papuans picked them up, too, but this time the rescued were fattened up as friends and not as potential ingredients of a feast. What had happened in those eighty years

to turn headhunters and cannibals into good samaritans?

I have worked in Papua as a missionary for the past fifteen years and, for the last four, I have represented all the Christian missions there on the Legislative Council of the Territory. British rule has administered the land as a trust; the natives have their lands and persons safeguarded for all time. Sound government together with systematic missionary work has sown a seed the harvest of which is being reaped to-day in countless ways by the Allies.

It must be remembered that it was in Papua, at Milne Bay, that the Japanese suffered their first defeat on land. It could not have been done without the help of the "fuzzy-wuzzies." They knew the mountain passes, the unmapped trails, the secrets of the jungle, the use of native drugs. Keen trackers, they were able to deduce from signs in the country how many of the enemy had passed through, even their condition. All this was of considerable help to mopping-up patrols. It saved many lives.

Of crucial military consequence was the aid given by Papuan "boys" who carried ammunition, stores, and the wounded over the Stanley Owen Range when the advancing Japanese were only thirty-two miles from Port Moresby. "Without these boys we could not have advanced beyond a few miles into the Owen Stanleys," wrote an Allied general, "let alone cross them. The boys were to us what the motor transport units are to the desert campaigns."

Repeatedly the Papuans would come across floundering, stray soldiers, guide them to safe camps, nurse them and miraculously get word to the proper authorities, or transport them to Allied troop centres. Without thought of pay, or length of hours, and with plenty of laughter and jest, the boys would unload a vessel, erect housing for troops, build roads for troop movements or lead patrols and mopping-up parties.

When Charlie Brown, an American pilot "shot-up" over Buna, crash-landed in the sea, the rough surf forced him to make for shore in his



# Jungle Gee-Gees

rubber dinghy. He plunged into the bush and hid there all night. He awakened in the morning when he heard someone calling, "Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown!" It was a Papuan native who had found some article that bore the name Brown.

"Are there any Japs around?" Charlie Brown asked. He was reassured and patted on the shoulder. The boy bandaged Brown's head, fed him, led him to the nearest station, then sent word to me. I advised Port Moresby and then went down the coast in a fifteen-foot motor dinghy and picked him up. On the way back Charlie Brown laughed over his odd meeting with Jacob, the boy who had found him in the bush.

On arriving at the station, we were informed by Daniel Rautamara that a party of Japanese was moving toward the village, shooting pigs and dogs and robbing the food stores. An intelligence officer, who went ahead of the main party taking notes and making compass bearings, made the mistake of pursuing a small girl in the bush. Daniel trailed the Japanese and nearly decapitated him.

I forwarded Daniel's report to the officer of a local Allied detachment. That evening, in a pouring rain, troops moved by whale boat to the head of a bay near Cape Frere. The Japanese were routed decisively, but one of our men was badly wounded. The task was to evacuate the wounded man. It meant preparing an air strip. Volunteers from the station and the near-by villages arrived with their knives and reaping hooks, crow-bars, mattocks and picks. One side and end of a playing field was cleared, calico strips were laid down, and a wind sock rigged up. Dogura Mission was ready for its first airplane.

Realising the value of such air strips, we extended the first one to 800 yards (it had been a little over 500 and a tight squeeze), then later to 1,000 yards. We put in a second strip of 700 yards. During the preparation of one strip an American B-25 bomber collided with a tree. The pilot, about to land in the sea, spotted the embryonic strip, stalled his ship in at ninety miles and made a magnificent landing on the 700 yards. Seven lives were saved and three weeks later the bomber flew out.

The "Sunday Sun's" New Guinea correspondent provided this glimpse of the Sport of Kings in a war area:

Randwick had come to New Guinea in the war's strangest race meeting, with Digger improvisation at an all-time high.

The course, three furlongs long, 75 yards wide, was cleared from the jungle by a bulldozer, borrowed from the Americans.

Most of the horses had been captured at Rabaul by the Japanese, and brought to New Guinea, where they had been recaptured by the Australians.

Saddles were made from canvas, scrounged from old tents and stuffed with coconut fibre. Rope reins and, for whips, sticks bound with shoe-laces, completed the gear, while Bren-gun pouches filled with bullets were used as weights.

The jockeys, who included professionals Bob Turner and Syd Murphy, of Sydney, George Bunnetto of Newcastle, and Bert Wheeler, of Adelaide, wore an array of dyed clothes, which ranged from Army singlets to jungle-green shirts.

Medicines and lotions dyed the "silks," atebirin tablets turned a white singlet into a vivid yellow.

After each of the nine races, 50 Diggers walked down the course, trampled into position the sods that had been thrown up by the horses.

Punters were served by book-makers and a tote. Eight favorites won, but so did the bookmakers, who scooped the pool when *Lady Fuss* won a race at 25 to 1.

The tote, operated by members of the Pay Corps in a hut made from coconut trees and thatched with palms, held £1000, kept 10 per cent. for the Amenities Fund.

Some of the horses, which had been trained for a week on ground-up Army biscuits, were scrounged from around the district.

The method of collection, however, produced a near-panic when, before one race, Kayouree, the "good thing" of the day, was claimed by

his native owner, from whom he had disappeared days before.

Five packets of cigarettes changed hands, the *Fuzzy* left contented, and Kayouree romped home.

Then, when the field was at the barrier for the last race, the foal of the hot favourite, *Gay Girl*, ran up looking for nourishment. Separated only after much coaxing and sugar, *Gay Girl* forgot her matronly duties, and raced to victory by a nose.

Human thirsts were quenched by a "soft drink" bar run by a Digger who displayed a sign, "Cocoanut juice—right off the wood, threepence a glass."

"Fact" referred to the Aga Khan:

At war's outbreak the Aga Khan placed the services of his followers at the disposal of Britain, turned his back on India's developing crisis, sought the shelter of peaceful Switzerland. He was then one of the most prominent, if not most popular figures of the English turf.

Lord Derby, Lord Rosebery, other great owners had made big profits from racing, had put them back into the sport to keep up the standard of British thoroughbreds. Not so the Aga Khan. Greatest shock came when he sold Bahram, winner of the triple crown of English racing—2000 Guineas, Derby and Leger—to America for £40,000.

Forced to realise some explanation necessary, the Aga Khan gave the soulful apology: "Money is scarce. The sale was unavoidable. I was heart-broken at parting with Bahram." Not for long was money scarce. Soon he was building up a new stud, paying top wartime price of £8,600 for yearling Hyderabad.

Next came a French Newsagency report that while the *Proprietor of Time* (again a title bestowed by reverent followers) was amusing himself at St. Moritz, German breeders had bought up his magnificent studs in Brittany.



# OLD-TIME FIGHT

Jim Donald, in the "Daily Mirror," told the story of "the great championship fight between Larry Foley and Professor Miller at the old Academy of Music (later the Tivoli) on a long-ago afternoon in 1884." Here is the story:

Now let the reader imagine himself one of the lucky ones inside the building on that auspicious occasion.

First a word or two about the contestants.

Miller, a native of Cheshire, England, was a magnificent all-round athlete, but hitherto he had concentrated more on wrestling and pedestrianism than boxing.

Foley, born at Clear Creek, near Bathurst, in 1851, had beaten all his opponents before retiring from the ring in 1880.

At the urgent request of Mr. Miller he had emerged from retirement to fight for the championship and a purse of £500.

Mr. W. (Black Bill) Forrester was referee, and George Adams (of Tattersall's fame) held the watch.

At 13.4 Miller was two stone heavier than Foley.

Here is the ancient chronicler's summary of the battle.

"It might be likened unto an enormous bulldog grappling with a spirited little terrier.

"Early Foley displayed considerable science, but it seemed likely to be of little avail on this occasion.

"Foley hit Miller often enough but one of the big man's blows was more destructive than a dozen of Larry's.

"The contest lasted for nearly three hours until a stunning blow from Miller stretched Foley hors de combat.

"Here the fight should have terminated, as Foley's seconds, in defiance of the rules, sprang forward and lifted the luckless champion to his feet.

"The referee failed to observe the breach, and Foley, reeling like a drunken man, answered the call of 'Time,' only to be again knocked down.

"At this juncture, a crowd of

roughs rushed the ring, and the meeting broke up in disorder."

I only need to add the information that the discreet referee refrained from giving a verdict until the next day.

At 11 a.m. at Tattersall's Hotel, Mr. Forrester declared the fight a draw.

Here's one you possibly haven't heard, and it knocks all those Russian-front names out of the ring. A war-correspondent wrote from Chungking of the Communist newspaper "Hsinhuajihpao."

*And it passed the censor!*

Newspaper editors sometimes get into trouble through proof-reading errors. Publishing the following story caused an editor to leave town:

"Mrs. John Blank presented her husband with an eight-pound baby girl on Thursday. Mrs. Blank was formerly Miss Mary Jones, and very popular locally. The happy parents have the congratulations of all on this suspicious event."

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# BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

## A Member Secures Two Honour Certificates in One Game — Do You Know How to Pot a Ball According to True Ballistics? — A Simple Method to Improve Your Game

Billiards and snooker players are now taking their cues out of the cases and preparing for the cooler months of the year, which are generally regarded as the official billiards and snooker season. Just why that idea should obtain is known only to the players, for if any sport or game could rightly be called an all-the-year-round pastime it is the green cloth variety which embodies snooker as well as the three-ball game.

During the past month something has happened in our billiards room that is worth recording.

Be it known, first of all, that W. ("Billy") Longworth is the only representative in Australia of the B. & C.C. (Eng.) and is thus the Australian spokesman for the world governing body. Bill was elected a vice-president some years back and the position is permanent. Thereby hangs a story. The Billiards and Control Council thought it worth while to print certificates for any billiards player who made a 100 break on a full-sized table or, for the cueist who made a 33-or-better break at snooker.

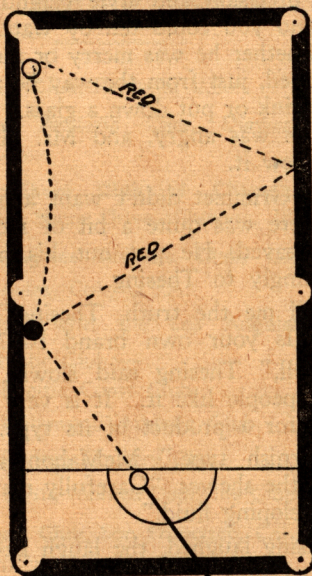
Strangely enough Longworth, who is an adept with the cue and a State champion to boot, had never applied for such Honour Certificates. But there came the day, and one lunch hour in April the player decided it was his turn to join the honour group. It was bad luck for his opponent, as the player succeeded with runs of 41 and 43 in the same frame! Congratulations.

### Re Potting Balls.

At frequent intervals the question is asked whether or not there is any fixed rule for playing pot shots. There is. Every snooker player knows what is meant by a "plant," which is actually a shot impossible of missing because two balls of the same value are touching and in line with a pocket. That means if the inside ball is struck the other must go into the pocket because the contact cannot make it otherwise. What troubles players is to pot the same ball

as accurately when the second object-ball is not present. It is all a matter of aim, and aim to the right spot.

If any member cares to take the trouble he can increase his ability in large lumps by following the advice tendered. Number one item is to be thoroughly convinced that no



Here's a classic Walter Lindrum position shot. The cannon is made by "running through" the red ball which, after being struck, will double across the table as shown by the dotted line. All three balls should come to rest in hand-span closeness.

matter what the angle of the cue-ball in relation to the object-ball the contact for potting must always be the same. Here, then, is the modus operandi for practice.

Place a red on the table, say a couple of feet away from a pocket and, with meticulous care, place a white alongside it and in a straight line with the pocket into which you desire to pot the red. Be careful the balls do not touch, but get them as close as is possible.

When this has been done you will have created a "plant," but your objective will be to carefully remove the white ball and, with a piece of chalk, mark the exact spot of the table on which it rested. Next take

the second white to any part of the table you choose and, provided you can fire right over the spot you have marked, the red ball will fly into the pocket. Remember the golden rule: no matter from which part of the table you fire, the contact for a pot must always be the same. That is hard to understand, perhaps, but if the member will try it out he will find the truth. Naturally, no "side" must be used on the cue-ball, as that would be fatal.

Although the foregoing may seem very involved, it is in actual fact quite simple and in the kindergarten class. You set a "plant" and then remove the outside ball.

This page has long since stressed the necessity for striking the cue-ball dead centre, but few players make any attempt to master the art. If they would do that and then follow the ingredients for potting as prescribed herein they would soon be giving long starts from those who trounce them these days off the mark.

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**McMahon's** FOR HAIR AND SCALP



# THE MONUMENT

By IRWIN SHAW

"I do not want any of his own brand," McMahon said firmly. He blew on a glass and wiped it with deliberate care. "I have my own opinion of his own brand."

Mr. Grimmet looked sad, sitting across the bar on a high stool, and Thesing shrugged like a salesman, not giving up the fight, but moving to a new position to continue the attack. McMahon picked up another glass in his clean, soft bartender's hands. He wiped it, his face serious and determined and flushed right up to the bald spot that his plastered-down hair couldn't cover. There was nobody else in the bar at the front part of the restaurant.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. In the rear three waiters stood arguing. Every day at three o'clock the three waiters gathered in the back and argued.

"Fascism," one waiter said, "is a rehearsal for the cemetery."

"You read that some place," another waiter said.

"All right," said the first waiter, "I read it some place."

"An Italian," the third waiter said to the first waiter: You are without a doubt one lousy Italian."

Mr. Grimmet turned around and called to the waiters: "Please reserve discussions of that character for when you go home. This is a restaurant, not Madison Square Garden."

He turned back to watching McMahon wiping the glasses. The three waiters looked at him with equal hate.

"Many of the best bars in the city," Thesing said, in his musical salesman's voice, "use our own brand."

"Many of the best bars in the city," McMahon said, using the towel very hard, "ought to be turned into riding academies."

"That's funny," Thesing said, laughing almost naturally. "He's very funny, isn't he, Mr. Grimmet?"

"Listen, Billy," Mr. Grimmet said leaning forward, disregarding Thesing, "listen to reason. In a mixed drink nobody can tell how much you paid for the rye that goes into it.

That is the supreme beauty of cocktails."

McMahon didn't say anything. The red got a little deeper on his cheeks and on his bald spot, and he put the clean glasses down with a sharp tinkle, and the tinkle went through the shining lines of the other glasses on the shelves and sounded thinly through the empty restaurant. He was a little fat man, very compact, and he moved with great precision and style behind the bar, and you could tell by watching him whether he was merry or sad or perturbed, just from the way he mixed a drink or put down a glass. Just now he was angry, and Mr. Grimmet knew it.

Mr. Grimmet didn't want a fight, but there was quite a bit of money to be saved. He put out his hand appealingly to Thesing.

"Tell me the truth, Thesing," he said. "Is your own brand bad?"

"Well," Thesing said slowly, "a lot of people like it. It is very superior for a product of its type."

"Varnish type," McMahon said, facing the shelves. "Carefully matched developing fluid."

Thesing laughed, the laugh he used from nine to six. "Witty," he said, "the sparkling bartender." McMahon wheeled and looked at him, head down a little on his chest. "I meant it," Thesing protested. "I sincerely meant it."

"I want to tell you," Mr. Grimmet said to McMahon, fixing him with his eye, "that we can save seven dollars a case on our own brand." McMahon started whistling the tenor aria from Pagliacci. He looked up at the ceiling and wiped a glass and whistled. Mr. Grimmet felt like firing him and remembered that at least twice a month he felt like firing McMahon.

"Please stop whistling," he said politely, "we have a matter to discuss."

McMahon stopped whistling and Mr. Grimmet still felt like firing him.

"Times're not so good," Mr. Grimmet said in a cajoling tone of

voice, hating himself for descending to such tactics before an employee of his. "Remember, McMahon, Coolidge is no longer in the White House. I am the last one in the world to compromise with quality, but we must remember, we are in business and it is 1939."

"Thesing's own brand," McMahon said, "would destroy the stomach of a healthy horse."

"Mussolini," the first waiter's voice came out from the back of the restaurant. "Every day on Broadway I pass forty-five actors who could do his act better."

"I am going to tell you one thing," Mr. Grimmet said with obvious calmness to McMahon. "I am the owner of this restaurant."

McMahon whistled some more from Pagliacci. Thesing moved wisely down the bar a bit.

"I am interested in making money," Mr. Grimmet said. "What would you say, Mr. McMahon, if I ordered you to use Thesing's own brand?"

"I would say, 'I am through, Mr. Grimmet.' Once and for all."

Mr. Grimmet rubbed his face unhappily and stared coldly at the waiters in the back of the restaurant. The waiters remained silent and stared coldly back at him. "What's it to you?" Mr. Grimmet asked McMahon angrily. "What do you care if we use another whisky? Do you have to drink it?"

"In my bar, Mr. Grimmet," McMahon said, putting down his towel and the glasses and facing his employer squarely, "in my bar, good drinks are served."

"Nobody will know the difference!" Mr. Grimmet got off his stool and jumped up and down gently. "What do Americans know about liquor? Nothing! Read any book that is published on the subject!"

"True," Thesing said judicially, "the general consensus of opinion is that Americans do not know the difference between red wine and a chocolate malted milk."

"In my bar," McMahon repeated, his face very red, his wide hands



spread on the bar, "I serve the best drinks I know how to serve."

"Stubborn," Mr. Grimmet yelled. "You are a stubborn Irishman! You do this out of malice! You are anxious to see me lose seven dollars on every case of liquor because you dislike me. Let us get down to the bedrock of truth!"

"Keep your voice down," McMahon said, speaking with great control. "I want to remind you of one or two things. I have worked for you since Repeal, Mr. Grimmet. In that time, how many times did we have to enlarge the bar?"

"I'm not in the mood for history, McMahon!" Mr. Grimmet shouted. "What good is a bar as long as the Normandie if it is not run on a business-like basis."

"Answer my question," McMahon said. "How many times?"

"Three," Mr. Grimmet said. "All right, three!"

"We are three times as big now as we were six years ago," McMahon said in a professor's tone, explaining proposition one, going on to proposition two. "Why do you think that is?"

"Accident!" Mr. Grimmet looked ironically up to the ceiling. "Fate! Roosevelt! The hand of God! How do I know?"

"I will tell you," McMahon said, continuing in the professorial vein. "People who come into this bar get the best Manhattans, the best Martinis, the best Daiquiris that are made on the face of the earth. They are made out of the finest ingredients, with great care, Mr. Grimmet."

"One cocktail tastes like another," Mr. Grimmet said. "People make a big fuss and they don't know anything."

"Mr. Grimmet," McMahon said with open contempt, "It is easy to see that you're not a drinking man."

Mr. Grimmet's face reflected his desperate search for a new line of defence. His eyebrows went up with pleasure as he found it. He sat down and spoke softly across the bar to McMahon. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that people come into this place because of the food that is served here?"

"I will give you my final opinion of Greta Garbo," the first waiter's voice sounded out defiantly. "There is nobody like her."

For a moment McMahon looked straight into Mr. Grimmet's eyes. A slight bitter smile played at one corner of his mouth. He breathed deeply, like a man who has just decided to bet on a horse that had not won in fourteen years. "Shall I tell you what I think of the food that is served in your restaurant, Mr. Grimmet?" McMahon asked flatly.

"The best chefs," Mr. Grimmet said quickly, "the best chefs in the city of New York."

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**The San Diego Club**, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

McMahon nodded slowly. "The best chefs," he said, "and the worst food."

"Consider," Mr. Grimmet called. "Consider what you are saying."

"Anything a cook can disguise," McMahon said, talking now to Thesing, disregarding Mr. Grimmet, "is wonderful here. Anything with a sauce. Once I ate a sirloin steak in this restaurant . . ."

"Careful, McMahon," Mr. Grimmet jumped off his stool and ran around to face McMahon.

"What can be done to disguise a sirloin steak?" McMahon asked reasonably. "Nothing. You broil it. Simply that. If it was good when it was cut off the steer, it's good on your plate. If it was bad . . ."

"I pay good prices!" Mr. Grimmet yelled. "I'll have no allusions!"

"I would not bring a dog into this restaurant to eat sirloin steak," McMahon said. "Not a young dog with the teeth of a lion."

"You're fired!" Mr. Grimmet pounded on the bar. "This restaurant will now do without your services."

McMahon bowed. "That is satisfactory to me," he said. "Perfectly satisfactory."

"Well, now, everybody. Boys!" Thesing said pacifically. "Over a little thing like our own rye . . ."

McMahon began taking off his apron. "This bar has a reputation. It is my reputation. I am proud of it. I am not interested in remaining at a place in which my reputation will be damaged."

McMahon threw his apron, neatly folded over a towel rack and picked up the little wooden wedge on which was printed, in gold letters, "William McMahon, In Charge." Mr. Grimmet watched him with trouble in his eyes as McMahon lifted the hinged piece of the bar that permitted the bartenders to get out into the restaurant proper.

"What is the sense," Mr. Grimmet asked as the hinges creaked, "of taking a rash step, Billy?" Once more Mr. Grimmet hated himself for his dulcet tone of voice, but William McMahon was one of the five finest bartenders in the city of New York.

McMahon stood there, pushing the hinged piece of the bar a little back and forth. "Once and for all," he said, He let the hinged piece fall behind him.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Billy," Mr. Grimmet went on swiftly, hating himself more and more, "I'll make a compromise. I will give you five dollars more per week." He sighed to himself and then looked brightly at McMahon.

McMahon knocked his shingle thoughtfully against the bar. "I will try to make you understand something, Mr. Grimmet," he said gently. "I am not as fundamentally interest-



ed in money as I am fundamentally interested in other things."

"You are not different from the rest of the world," Mr. Grimmet said with dignity.

"I have been working for twenty-five years," McMahon said, knocking the shingle that said, "William McMahon, In Charge." "and I have constantly been able to make a living. I do not work only to make a living. I am more interested in making something else. For the last six years I have worked here night and day. A lot of nice people come in here and drink like ladies and gentlemen. They all like this place. They all like me."

"Nobody is saying anything about anybody not liking you," Mr. Grimmet said impatiently. "I am discussing a matter of business principle."

"I like this place," McMahon looked down at the shingle in his hand. "I think this is a very nice bar. I planned it. Right?" He looked up at Mr. Grimmet.

"You planned it. I will sign an affidavit to the effect that you plan-

ned it," Mr. Grimmet said ironically. "What has that got to do with Thesing's own brand?"

"If something is right here," McMahon went on, without raising his voice, "people can say it's William McMahon's doing. If something is wrong here, they can say it's William McMahon's fault. I like that, Mr. Grimmet. When I die people can say, 'William McMahon left a monument, the bar at Grimmet's Restaurant. He never served a bad drink in his whole life.'" McMahon took his coat out of the closet next to the bar and put it on. "A monument. I will not have a monument made out of Thesing's own brand. Mr. Grimmet, I think you are a dumb bastard."

McMahon bowed a little to the two men and started out. Mr. Grimmet gulped, then called, his words hard and dry in the empty restaurant. "McMahon!" The bartender turned around.

"All right," Mr. Grimmet said, "Come back."

McMahon gestured toward Thesing.

"Any liquor you say," Mr. Grim-

met said in a choked voice. "Any goddam whiskey you want!"

McMahon smiled and went back to the closet and took his coat off and took the shingle out of his pocket. He went back to the bar and slipped on his apron, as Thesing and Grimmet watched.

"One thing," Mr. Grimmet said, his eyes twitching from the strain, "one thing I want you to know."

"Yes, sir," said McMahon.

"I don't want you to talk to me," Mr. Grimmet said, "and I don't want to talk to you. Ever."

Thesing quietly picked up his hat and stole out of the door.

"Yes, sir," said McMahon.

Mr. Grimmet walked swiftly into the kitchen.

"I will tell you something about debutantes," the first waiter was saying in the rear of the restaurant, "they are over-rated."

McMahon tied the bow in his apron strings and neatly, in the centre of the whisky shelves about the bar placed the shingle "William McMahon, In Charge."

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## The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Francis G. McLean, and we extend our sympathy to his family. Mr. McLean, who died suddenly at his home at Bondi on 16th April, had been a Member of the Club since 13th May, 1935.

\* \* \*

The fact that the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, P.C., has been having another rough ride reminds me: In June, 1922, while Billy was on a tour of the northern districts of N.S.W.

As there is so much discussion to-day as to the constituents of culture, these abridged remarks of T. G. Phillips, headmaster of Sydney Grammar School, published by the "Herald," are quoted by way of illumination:

"In a discussion as to the cultural value of different subjects it is easy to confuse culture with mere book-learning. The Germans have done this consistently, and their 'kultur,' which was unrelated to moral and spiritual values, has proved to be a

ground. However, the American polo player, Colonel Tommy Hitchcock—killed recently in a plane-crash in England—merited the tribute paid him in the cables, "one of the greatest polo players of all time."

What Bradman meant to England in Test cricket matches, Hitchcock meant to England in polo contests. As it was said of Tilden in tennis, so it could have been said of Tommy Hitchcock in polo—"he was a master of every department of the game." More than that, the American was a sportsman who could lose as gracefully as he could win modestly.

\* \* \*

A newspaper representative entered the great mountain system bordering on Virginia, North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio to interview the inhabitants. He met a mountaineer on a track driving a single bullock in a rude cart. The man was asked about the people. He said: "Stranger, I kin tell you all about us in a few words. We're the whisky drinkin'-est, pistol shootin'-est, tobacco spittin'-est people on the face of the earth."

\* \* \*

### SMITHS REPLACE "MACS" AS MOST NUMEROUS SCOTS.

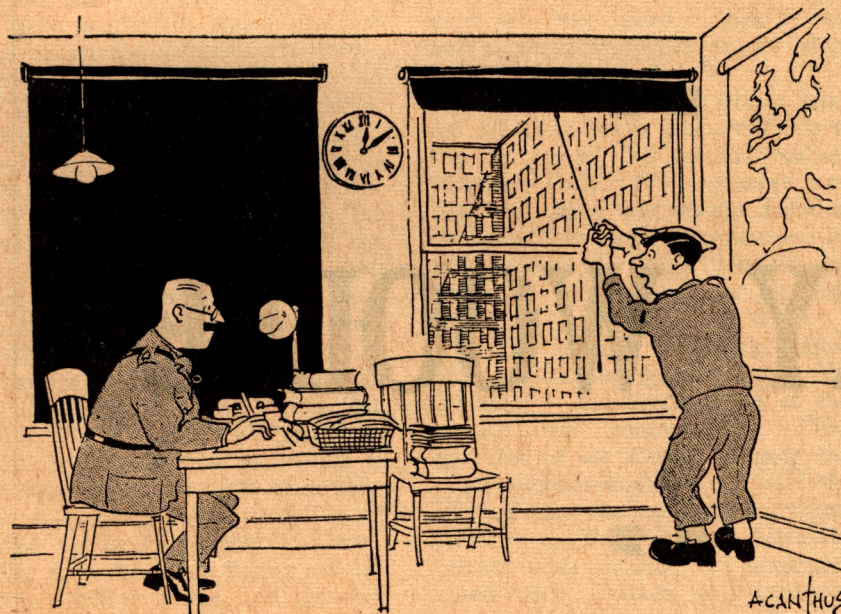
These facts were disclosed recently: The Smiths have now conquered Scotland. Whereas names beginning with "Mac" used to predominate, now the surname Smith outnumbers all others.

After Smith, the commonest names are MacDonald, Brown, Wilson, Thomson, Robertson, Campbell and Stewart.

Dilution of the original Scottish stock is partly attributable, said Mr. Kyd, to the fact that 1,500,000 Scottish young men and women emigrated from Scotland in the past eighty years—900,000 of them since the beginning of the century.

"The vitality of Scotland is being or has been sapped by export of the most virile of her people," Mr. Kyd complained. "The population is gradually growing older."

There has been a dramatic increase in the marriage rate during the war, but unless this is kept up after the war he could not anticipate an increase in the birth rate, Mr. Kyd said.



"Yes, Sir, but when I've done Room 595 it's just on black-out."

he went riding with his secretary, Col. Hilary. Mr. Hughes had a Light Horse remount with a hard mouth. When a motor-car approached, the moke became fractious, reared, bucked a few times, and sent the Prime Minister of the day flying in the dust.

Col. Hilary picked up his chief, hailed a motor car and took him to the hotel at which he was staying in South Grafton. The doctor's verdict was "fractured collar-bone." Nobody was ever able to discover who picked that rough little remount with the hard mouth for Billy—not even the Commonwealth Intelligence Department.

sorry 'ersatz' for the real thing. A person with very little education, so-called, may have more culture than a man with a string of University distinctions. For if he has tolerance, sympathy, self-control, a quiet mind, a balanced judgment, and an essential refinement which shuns vulgarity in its many forms, he has achieved a degree of culture which is an ornament to his own nature and a vindication of human worth."

\* \* \*

The phrase, "one of the greatest players of all time," has been cheapened by its too frequent use in Sydney newspapers by writers with a tremendous "front" but no back-



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# First Ship of the U.S. Navy

By EDWARD SAMUEL

Nowadays, when the United States and British Navies are so mixed up together, it is amusing to recall that one of the first ships—even perhaps, the very first—of the American Navy was built in a British shipyard.

The name of the vessel was the *Black Prince*, and although quite a number of people know that she was purchased by Congress in the fall of 1775, not so many know of her sinister and chequered history before that date. Not so long ago I was in that most ancient of English ports—Bristol—and from an old and battered diary written by some forgotten local historian I obtained the story.

The *Black Prince* was launched in the early part of December, 1768, and towed slowly by boats and oxen down the river Avon to where it joins the broad Severn. It is not difficult to imagine the scene—the narrow and muddy Avon, with the great cliffs of the Avon Gorge towering three hundred feet above, and the yoked oxen plodding slowly along the towing path.

Her first voyage was a slaving run to Old Calabar, on the Guinea Coast. The merchants of Bristol in those days owed their prosperity to the slave trade, and there were plentiful supplies of "black ivory" to be picked up in the Bristol markets.

For days the *Black Prince* ran before a swelling breeze, and the Scillies gave place to Ushant, and so across the Bay to the Azores. There they made a stay of two days for fruit and water. It was here that the first trouble started. The captain, John Freeman, was notorious even in those days of bullying masters, and by this time he had flogged four of the crew within an inch of their lives for some alleged neglect of duty, and killed a fifth with a blow from a marlin spike. What a nice, happy family they must have been!

At the Azores several of the crew deserted and Captain Freeman only made it harder for those who were left. A day's voyage south of the island the vessel was becalmed and drifted slowly in the tropical heat. A fortnight passed and no appreciable progress was made and the crew, already mutinous, were almost out of hand.

The next day the long-awaited wind arrived, but when the *Black Prince* had reached 4.28 N. and 13.12 W. the mutiny, so long threatened, broke out.

Fierce fighting took place, and there were casualties on either side, but eventually the crew were victorious. The captain and those of the officers who had remained loyal were set adrift in an open boat with one day's supply of water and food. Before that, John Freeman had received a hundred lashes as a parting present from a grateful crew! Nothing more was ever heard of him or his boat's company—which is not altogether surprising!

The crew of the *Black Prince* hoisted the Jolly Roger and set off on a life of piracy, led by the bos'un, Emanuel Todd. Nothing more was heard of them for several months. Probably they voyaged somewhere in the region of the "Line" between the Bight of Benin and the Spanish Main.

In the autumn the *Black Prince* appeared at Tortuga, in French Hispaniola—the headquarters of the great pirate confederation, "The Brethren of the Coast." During the years which followed Todd and the *Black Prince* made a name for themselves in the West Indies. Acting in concert with another, but unnamed, vessel they attacked and captured two Spanish treasure ships, the *San Cristobal* and the *Don Francesco*.

Then, in 1774, during a storm, she went ashore at Petit Trou, in the Spanish section of Hispaniola, and was abandoned by her crew in a great hurry. The survivors were hunted through the tropic jungles by the Spanish soldiery, and as far as we know only a handful ever returned to England. I think that Todd himself must have done, because from one or two comments of the diarist it seems likely that it was he who supplied the tale of the voyage of the *Black Prince*.

For months she lay abandoned on the beach and then a Boston trader bought her for a song from the Spanish Governor, who was only too pleased to be rid of the hulk. She was patched up sufficiently to make her seaworthy and then was towed

to Philadelphia, repaired and renovated.

A few months later the *Black Prince* sailed the seas again and by a strange chance her first port of call was Bristol—the town which had seen her launching six or seven years before!

According to Lloyd's she entered that port on 29th January, 1775, under Captain Barry, of Boston, and sailed the following March. When she returned to America the War of Independence was starting. Congress, realising that the North American colonies' merchant shipping was at the mercy of the British Navy, set about equipping a fleet of her own.

The first vessel to be purchased was the battle-scarred *Black Prince*—and that is where my knowledge of her stops. Whether she changed her name, and if so to what, whether she was one of the early casualties in the sea warfare which followed or continued to sail the seas flying the American colours for many more years, I do not know.

I wonder if anyone else does?



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# RACING FIXTURES

## 1944

### MAY.

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 6th  
 Canterbury ..... Saturday, 13th  
 Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 27th

### JUNE.

Rosehill ..... Saturday, 3rd  
 Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 10th  
 A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) ..... Saturday, 17th  
 A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) ..... Saturday, 24th

### JULY.

Canterbury ..... Saturday, 1st  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 8th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 15th  
 A.J.C. .... Saturday, 22nd  
 Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 29th

### AUGUST.

Ascot ..... Saturday, 5th  
 Moorefield ..... Saturday, 12th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 19th  
 Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 26th

### SEPTEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 Canterbury ..... Saturday, 9th  
**Tattersall's** ..... **Saturday, 16th**  
 Rosehill ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 30th

### OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) ..... Saturday, 7th  
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) ..... Saturday, 14th  
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) ..... Saturday, 21st  
 City Tattersall's ..... Saturday, 28th

### NOVEMBER.

Rosehill ..... Saturday, 4th  
 Victoria Park ..... Saturday, 11th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 18th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) ..... Saturday, 25th

### DECEMBER.

Moorefield ..... Saturday, 2nd  
 Canterbury ..... Saturday, 9th  
 Ascot ..... Saturday, 16th  
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) ..... Saturday, 23rd  
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) ..... Tuesday, 26th  
**Tattersall's** ..... **Saturday, 30th**



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*The*

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## CONDOBOLIN

EARLY records spell Condobolin as "Con-doublin." Other spellings have given it as "Condooblin" or "Condabalin" but it is believed the blackfellows pronounced it as "Cundabullem," meaning, it is thought, "a shallow crossing."

In 1817 Lieutenant John Oxley, who was then Surveyor-General in N.S.W., set out to follow the Lachlan River to its source. The party did not succeed, however, and in the country around the Condobolin of to-day they found the river in flood and their way blocked by forbidding marshes.

Incidentally Lieutenant Oxley discovered, about 24 miles up river, the grave of an aboriginal king and some tree trunks bearing aboriginal carvings.

In 1847 B. Boyd and Co. held a depasturage licence over "Condooblin" (as it was then spelt) on the north bank of the river and at the same time, William Lee of Bathurst, held a licence for "Condobolin" station, of 18,000 acres, on the south bank of the river.

Boyd's interest passed to John Phillips and A. Street who secured a lease of "Condabalon," 25,600 acres, from 1st January, 1852, the annual rent being £12 10s.

Other early run-holders included George Lord, William Lee and W. H. Suttor and through the efforts of these three gentlemen consideration was given to the establishment of a town.

In June 1857, District-Surveyor Davidson reported to Col. George Barney, the Surveyor-General, that the site of 640 acres at the junction of the Goobang Creek and the Lachlan River—part of the Condobolin Run—would make a satisfactory site for the proposed town, the land being sufficiently high to be beyond the reach of flood-waters.

Surveyors Barney and Davidson believed that the town's progress was likely to be restricted to accommodation and stores for traffic along the river and were not enthusiastic about the project, but despite this lack of interest a design was furnished by Surveyor Lewis Gordon on 24th June, 1859, and approved in October of that year.

A year previous to this date, a Post Office had been established in Condobolin, in a tent, by R. B. Mitchell, who as well as being the first postmaster, was also the first Clerk of Petty Sessions.

Despite some rumours to the contrary, the town was surveyed on the present site and by 1862, apart from residences and an hotel, a lock-up, pound, two stores and a racecourse had appeared.

Condobolin's first official post office had for its first postmaster, W. F. Corbett, afterwards the well-known writer for the "Sun" newspaper. In 1867 the first provisional school, a weather-board building, was erected at a cost of £500, of which £150 was subscribed by residents.

The year 1870 saw a great flood when residents and settlers were hard-pressed to obtain provisions and when some hazardous journeys up the flood-waters to Forbes were undertaken. In later years, however, such events as floods are rare, due probably to the number of weirs now built on the river.

In the early 80's when the district was still purely pastoral, mail communication was very slow and it is interesting to note that Mr. E. T. Moulder, who owned "Brotherooney Station," some 30 miles below Condobolin, had his mail delivered by a blackfellow travelling on foot.

Condobolin held its first Show in August, 1885, and the Municipality was incorporated on 20th May, 1890, the first Mayor being W. H. Gray Innes. Five years later the newspaper, the "Lachlander" was established by T. M. Shakespeare.

Further progress came in 1898 when the railway from Parkes, through Bogan Gate, was opened at Condobolin and in the same year came the excellent water supply works.

With the advent of the railway came closer settlement. The pastoral industry had remained the main support of the Condobolin district until the early part of this century when wheat farming grew into favour, the cultivation of which has grown and improved with each succeeding year.

The first permanent Council of the Lachlan Shire was elected in November, 1906, with Councillor D. A. Cameron as President.

Condobolin Experiment Farm was established in 1912 and following on this mark of progress, the area devoted to wheat notably increased; success with the cereal on the Experiment Farm was a distinct encouragement to the development of the industry.

Condobolin's timber industry is also of importance for the mills working in the district are equipped with all modern machinery with a considerable yearly output of timber.

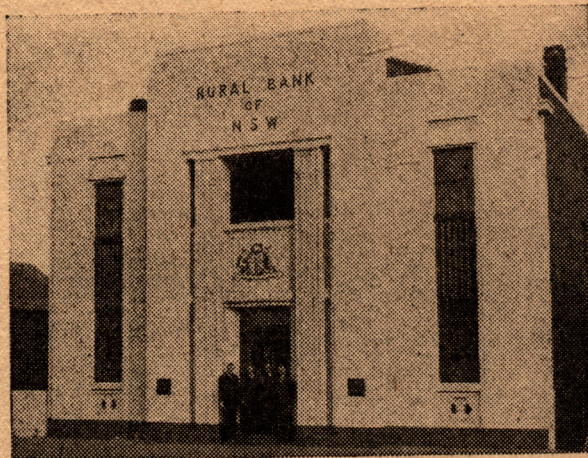
Condobolin has been proved to be eminently suited for wool production, a fact clearly demonstrated by the large consignments of wool from the district; sheep in great numbers are depastured there while the area also carries many cattle and horses.

Wheat is, of course, an important product and there are, in addition, some thousands of acres under grains, hay and green feed.

This thriving, progressive town, on the Lachlan River, about halfway between Sydney and Broken Hill, has a good water supply and electricity installed and in its pleasant streets are comfortable homes whilst in the main business block are found up-to-date shops, banks, hotels, in addition to the Council and Administrative Chambers.

Provision for recreation has not been overlooked, and in Condobolin exists a swimming weir, showground, race-course and sports arena.

Commercially, Condobolin is regarded as a sound town with outlying districts that bring it a large and good trade and thus from a humble beginning has grown the pleasant and progressive town of to-day which stands as an encouragement to the present generation, who should find in the achievements of the past an inspiration for the future.



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